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No. 145.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE A1 VICTIMS PASS TO THEIR LAST REST.



The bodies of the nine seamen of the A1 were borne to their graves at Haslar Naval Cemetery, near Portsmouth, on three gun-carriages. Behind them came the two gun-carriages bearing the bodies of Lieut. Mansergh and Sub-Lieut. Churchill. The eleven men had lived together, and died together, and the eleven bodies were laid side by side.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Angela Constable-Maxwell, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Morris, who was married yesterday to Mr. Eric Drummond at Everingham Park, near York. She is the sister of the Duchess of Norfolk, who was married in the same chapel only a few weeks ago.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)

PRINCESS'S BROTHER.



With brotherly warmth Prince Adolphus of Teck greeted the Princess of Wales at Vienna.—(Photograph, Russell and Sons.)

EDITOR OF "TRUTH" ILL.



Mr. Henry Labouchere, the editor of "Truth," is seriously ill at Florence, and his friends are in some anxiety as to his recovery.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)







## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Northerly breeze, strong on the coast; fine generally; warm in the daytime, cool at night.

Lighting-up time: 8.5 p.m.

Sea passages generally will be moderate to rather rough.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

King Edward attended the Epsom meeting and witnessed the race for the City and Suburban. (Page 2.)

News from the Far East is not very definite. Admiral Alexieff is reported to have resigned. Activity characterises the Japanese operations, and they are said to have landed at Newchwang. A battle is stated to be raging at Port Arthur, while on the Yalu the hostile armies are practically in touch and a decisive engagement is imminent. (Page 2.)

Mr. Akers-Douglas introduced the new Licensing Bill into the Commons, the measure being read a first time. It provides that Brewster Sessions shall no longer have power to refuse a public-house licence on the ground that it is not wanted, and fix compensation to all licence-holders dispossessed for a similar reason. (Page 2.)

Mr. Balfour yesterday announced the list of members of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Disorders. (Page 2.)

Judgment was given by the Brussels Civil Tribunal yesterday refusing the application made by creditors of Princesses Louise and Stephanie of Belgium to set aside the will of the late Queen. (Page 3.)

Toronto has been the scene of a great fire which had its origin in a soap factory, and lasted six hours. The damage is estimated at £2,000,000. (Page 2.)

Two avalanche disasters are reported. In the Commune of Fragelato (Turin), one hundred miners were overwhelmed; while the hamlet of Muehlbach, near Brien, Switzerland, was swept away, with a loss of thirteen lives. (Page 2.)

"The Rich Mrs. Repton," a comedy, was produced last evening at the Duke of York's Theatre. (Page 8.)

In the Divorce Court the consideration of the Pollard case was resumed before the President. Counsel's speeches occupied the whole of the day. Sir Edward Carson, for the King's Proctor, concludes his final speech to-day. (Page 5.)

At Wrexlesham, near Farnham, a jury investigated the circumstances attending the death of the young groom, White, and returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown. The coroner, Fry, arrested on suspicion, was not present at the inquest. (Page 5.)

Accidental Death was the verdict returned at the inquest on the victim of submarine A1 at Portsmouth. The jury inspected the vessel prior to their decision. (Page 3.)

An extraordinary story of impersonation was investigated at Marlborough-street Police Court. The two men Jacques Ross, said to have posed as the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at the Carlton Hotel, and Meyer Bruger, as his attaché, were remanded in custody. (Page 5.)

Summerlike weather still favours London. Yesterday the Panama hat made its appearance, and straws were plentiful. (Page 3.)

Miss Angela Constable-Maxwell, daughter of Lord Henries, was married at Wingham, Yorkshire, to Mr. Eric Drummond. The ceremony was a very picturesque one. (Page 8.)

Firemen had a difficult task checking an outbreak in Holborn, smoke helmets having to be used before it could be overcome. (Page 4.)

Dr. Winnington Ingram stated at the London Diocesan Conference yesterday that no compromise was likely to be agreed upon respecting the education question. (Page 4.)

Search is being made for Mr. H. H. Hawthorne, a gentleman who came to London from Montreal recently, and is entitled to a large fortune. Despite every effort, he has not yet been traced. (Page 8.)

Sentence of penal servitude for life was at the Central Criminal Court passed upon George Hallam, a draughtsman, for having administered chloroform to his two children in a South London flat. (Page 4.)

Indicted at the Old Bailey, George A. Ritson, the young man who shot at a former sweetheart on Tooting Common, was ordered five years' penal servitude. (Page 5.)

A miniature, costing, it was said, 400 guineas, was the subject of a dispute between two ladies which came before the High Court. After a lengthy hearing the jury disagreed. (Page 5.)

The race for the City and Suburban ended in a surprise, Robert le Diable being returned the winner. Dean Sturt was second, and Ceriatier third. Robert le Diable started at 40 to 1 against. (Page 10.)

Stock markets were dull. Consols and other gilt edged securities declined consequent on the Budget. Far Eastern rumours adversely affected Foreign bonds. (Page 11.)

## To-Day's Arrangements.

Lord Howard de Walden presides at the Annual Banquet of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, at the Hotel Cecil.

Institution of Civil Engineers: Mr. Dagald Clerk delivers the Twelfth James Forrest Lecture on "Internal Combustion Engines," 8.0.

Royal Institution, Albemarle-street: Professor Dewar on "Dislocation," 8.30.

Society of Architects: Meeting, Staple Inn Buildings, 8.0.

Kenington Philanthropic Society's Annual Banquet, Empire Rooms, Trocadero, 6.30.

3rd V.B. The Queen's Regimental Mess Dinner, Oak Room, Trocadero.

## KING LEOPOLD AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

## End of a Strange Suit Which Has Caused Some Scandal.

BRUSSELS, Wednesday night.

The Civil Tribunal to-day gave judgment in the application made by the creditors of the Princesses Louise and Stephanie of Belgium to set aside the will of the late Queen. The Court refused the application of the plaintiffs with costs, holding that the Act of 1853 was a diplomatic treaty, and that since that time the Queen's property has come under the operation of the principle of separate estates. —Reuter.

Queen Maria Henrietta died at Spa in September, 1902. The bequests under her will related to the Queen's private estate, but the pressure brought to bear by the creditors of Princess Louise of Coburg, who benefited under the will as a daughter, made trouble with the King as to the interpretation of her rights.

All efforts to bring the dispute to an amicable termination failed, and the result was the extraordinary spectacle of a King sued in the courts of his kingdom by the creditors of his daughter.

The creditors contended for their part that there was no marriage contract in a legal sense between the King and his Consort, because they entirely forgot to ratify the contract within six weeks of the solemnisation, as the Belgian law requires.

Hence under that law there was a joint partnership in property, and under it half of King Leopold's immense fortune would fall in as having belonged to the late Queen.

The King, on his side, contended that the question of property between himself and his Consort was governed by the diplomatic settlement, the Treaty of Vienna, 1853, under which the marriage was arranged, and by which there was a separate estate between the contracting parties.

The creditors, among whom were included a Paris jeweller, named Hatzog, with a claim of £7,800; Decroly, Vienna, milliners—£6,400; and Paquin and Co., Paris, who claimed £6,800, waited several months for payment after the Queen's death. They then resolved to press for their money. They feared lest King Leopold would, as seemed likely if the suit was to be trusted, give away his wealth and leave nothing much to his daughters.

## INCOME-TAX INCUBUS.

## Extra Penny Draws Attention to a "Crying Injustice."

Income-tax at 1s. in the £! The British taxpayer is still hotly discussing this item of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget, and much indignation is expressed that some more satisfactory method of raising revenue has not been adopted.

What an income-tax of 1s. in the £ will mean is shown in the following table:

Incomes of £100 per year are exempt.

Incomes of £200 pay on £40, i.e., 40s., equals about 20d. in the £ on total income.

Incomes of £300 pay on £140, i.e., £7, equals nearly 1s. in the £ on total income.

Incomes of £400 pay on £240, i.e., £12, equals nearly 10d. in the £ on total income.

All incomes at £700 and upwards will pay the full 1s. in the £, the sole abatement being for life insurance premiums which may reach one-sixth of the total income.

The new tax will be retrospective, and will date from April 6 of this year, falling due in January, 1905.

## Working Men Should Share.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative yesterday Mr. Scarff, managing director of the Income-Tax Adjustment Agency, held the income question of evasion and recovery of incomes. An extra penny would not be so objectionable, he declared, if it were shared by the entire population.

"It could be arranged so that it would work upwards from 1d. in the £, and would not fall, as it now does, with unjust heaviness on the great middle-class. For the purpose of arranging it satisfactorily a higher nominal tax, say, 2s. in the £, would have to be imposed."

Referring to Mr. Austen Chamberlain's promise of a Departmental Committee to inquire into the question of evasion and recovery of incomes, Mr. Scarff explained: "What is the good of a Departmental Committee? What does officialism know or care about the crying injustice under which the British taxpayer labours. Permanent officials are the tyrants, not the servants, of the public. Let us have a committee by all means, but let it be a committee capable of looking at the whole question from a broad point of view, and not merely through the spectacles of officialdom."

Tea was yesterday raised twelve pence a pound at most of the principal stores in the West End. The explanation for this immense rise in price is that stocks were kept very low in view of a possible reduction in the tea duty.

Mr. Gallaher, head of Messrs. Gallaher's tobacco factory, says the new tobacco duty will make no appreciable difference to consumers.

## CROWN PRINCE UNBENDS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.

The Crown Prince, who was formerly considered rather haughty, has recently abandoned occasionally the strict etiquette appertaining to royalty.

For instance, on the ice, a few weeks ago, he pushed about a child in a sleigh, whilst the astonished onlookers, trembling for the safety of her charge, was almost in tears.

Yesterday, to the surprise of officials and passengers, the young Prince appeared on the platform of the Potsdam underground station, accompanied by several officers, and travelled to the zoo station. Although the officers formed a sort of guard round his Royal Highness in the compartment, many passengers proudly boasted afterwards of having travelled with the Prince.

## "PANAMA" WEATHER.

## England Revels in a Precocious Summer.

Summer has come. Whether it is last year's summer, come belated on the scene, or this year's, is a question to be settled by the weather experts, but the welcome fact remains that yesterday was a summer day of the most glorious type.

When Londoners woke they found the world bathed in warm and brilliant sunshine, while the air was fresh and invigorating.

How the fine weather was appreciated was shown by the crowded streets. Light summer costumes were everywhere, while overcoats had vanished. The first Panama hats of the season were seen in the Strand about noon, and ordinary straws were plentiful.

The parks, which show a splendid luxuriance of foliage, were visited by thousands, and the artificial waters were alive with boats.

Tradesmen are clearing out their heavy stocks to fill their shop windows with summer goods. The bright weather has already sent up the demand for cycles, and makers are busy filling orders.

To the flower dealers the present weather is not an unmixed delight, as flowers are so plentiful. The enormous consignments from the Channel Islands and all parts of the country have driven the price almost down to a surface point. A week's continuance of sunshine is promised, with perhaps a slight increase in temperature.

## "FLIES ABOUT THE JAMPOT."

## Fair Litigant's Twenty-nine Proposals of Marriage.

Twenty-nine more flies have buzzed about the Jampot of the affections of Mrs. Frasier, the fascinating widow of Shaftesbury-avenue, since she was awarded £600 for breach of promise a month ago.

It was in the *Daily Mirror* report of these proceedings it will be remembered that this phrase of "flies around the Jampot" was used. Immediately following the trial the phrase caught on in Shaftesbury-avenue, and with Mrs. Frasier's customers. Her life, as she told a *Mirror* representative yesterday, became a perfect misery.

"A dozen times a day," she said, "people would come in 'to see the Jampot' or 'to buzz.' Boys would poke their heads through the door and shout 'Jampot!' Work-girls passing would make nasty remarks. I tried a dignified air, but the more annoyed I became the worse it grew. So at last I decided to treat the whole matter as a joke."

Mrs. Frasier smiled gently at the thought, and indicated a vast Jampot on the cover, about which sundry enormous flies were busily buzzing.

## Everybody Happy.

"I got a Jampot," she continued, "labelled it 'Jampot,' put some flies around it, and placed it in the window. But my proposals have come from all sorts of men. Several have been possessed of good incomes, and have asked me for my solicitor's address that they might make me a legal settlement through him. Most honourable conduct, I consider. Another declared his willingness to give me my honour 'off the point of the bayonet, but not on it.'"

"No," she concluded thoughtfully, "I have not made any definite decision yet. I am weighing them all up carefully in my mind, and when I have taken all things into consideration I shall make my selection. But I shall not hurry about it. You see, there may be more offers."—(See page 7.)

## SUNKEN TREASURE.

## Fifty Pounds for a George IV. Shilling.

By an entirely new and novel method a junior officer on one of the South African liners has converted a George IV. shilling into £50.

When he was taking soundings with the deep sea lead off the African coast he concealed a George IV. shilling in the hollow space at the bottom of the lead and covered it with tallow.

The passengers gathered round to see the lead hauled up.

The officer skillfully cleared off the gravel from the lead with his hand and brought the shilling with it. When the shilling was examined and discovered to be dated 1823 the passengers were greatly excited, and it was presumed that a ship must have foundered on the spot, and the officer was besieged immediately with offers to buy the salvaged coin.

He refused to part with it under any consideration, and said the shilling would be kept in his family as an heirloom and handed down to his descendants.

The bidding went up to £30, and then it was given up as a hopeless task.

After dinner a wealthy Jew from Johannesburg bought it for £50, and stowed wine in the smoking-room to celebrate the event.

## CHOKED BY A BILLIARD BALL.

PARIS, Wednesday.

Victim of his own foolishness, a man named Barbier has just met with a terrible death. He made a bet with a friend that he would put a billiard ball into his mouth. The bet was accepted, and he managed with little difficulty to get the ball into his mouth, but he was unable to remove it.

After two hours of terrible suffering M. Barbier died of suffocation.

## JURY ON THE A1.

## They Inspect the Submarine and Return Their Verdict.

After an inspection of submarine A1 in dry dock yesterday, and hearing further evidence from Capt. Bacon and the divers Karlisen and Andersen, the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death by drowning.

In resuming his evidence before the coroner in Haslar Hospital yesterday, Capt. Bacon said that he had made a further examination of the wrecked submarine, and found bloodstains in the conning-tower and in the lower compartments.

This helped to substantiate his theory given on Tuesday, that both the officers and crew of the ill-fated vessel had received a big shock, which stunned them instantly when the collision with the Berwick Castle occurred.

"In the conning-tower," said Capt. Bacon, "I have seen marks showing that Lieut. Mansergh, who was inside there, must have received a very severe blow. There is blood on the grating of the tower just underneath where his head was. There is also blood in the interior of the chambers."

Mr. Howden asked Capt. Bacon, on behalf of the Union-Castle Line if he considered there was any liability on the part of the Berwick Castle for the disaster.

"I should say absolutely none," replied the captain. "A submarine boat, being practically invisible, would have to keep herself clear of all vessels."

## Jury's Inspection.

The jurymen and Coroner Goble were then conveyed in a steam launch across the harbour to Portsmouth Dockyard to inspect the A1, which was lying in "deep dock."

The jury were surprised at the small amount of space in the interior of the boat. To them it seemed to be composed of a small narrow tower attached to a large boiler, with pointed ends, fitted with all kinds of machinery. The A1 was 100ft. long, weighing 180 tons, and was about 25ft. in depth from top of the conning-tower to the keel.

A narrow iron platform, about 2ft. wide, ran along either side of the submarine inside, and stopped about 20ft. from each end. There was very little space to move about in for the crew. One jurymen said the conning-tower was as narrow as a diver's helmet.

The jury found that the officers and crew met their death accidentally by drowning. They also recommended that submarine manoeuvres should not be carried out in narrow fairways.

This recommendation was subsequently withdrawn, on Capt. Bacon pointing out that such a regulation would be impossible of fulfilment.

## FLYING FROM FORTUNE.

## Vain Efforts to Find an Elusive Legatee.

Mr. Hamlet Henry Hawthorne, who arrived in London from Montreal on November 4 last, has had a large fortune left him. He has not yet taken possession of his windfall, as he is unaware of his good luck, although he has been extensively advertised for.

Many years ago Hawthorne saved the life of a lady who was upset in a yacht on the Kentish coast. This lady was Mrs. Josephine Kelat, the wife of a wealthy diamond merchant, who died a widow last year. She has left considerable property in Paris and India, and a large estate in Australia, to her rescuer, with a request that if single he should marry and settle in Australia.

The administrator to the estate, Mr. H. B. Seymour, has been trying to communicate with Mr. Hawthorne for some time, but so far without success.

He traced him to New York, and hearing he had gone to Canada, Mr. Seymour proceeded to Montreal, where he learned that Mr. Hawthorne had sailed for Liverpool by the ss. Lake Champlain on October 22.

Mr. Seymour returned to England by the next steamer, and found Mr. Hawthorne had stopped from November 2 to 4 at the Exeter House Hotel, near Lime-street Station, Liverpool. From there he had gone to London, where all trace of him has been lost.

Mr. Seymour has now proceeded to Australia, and hopes that Mr. Hawthorne will communicate with him at Fremantle, where his presence is urgently required.

A portrait of Mr. H. H. Hawthorne, taken three years ago, is published on page 6.

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## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

"There are many professional men who do not get the wages of a bricklayer's labourer," said Judge Edge at Clerkenwell yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson having concluded their divorce in the United States have returned to London.

At Clerkenwell County Court a debtor, who paid the debt in full but neglected to pay 9d., the cost of the summons, was committed for seven days.

Streatham High-street was flooded yesterday morning in consequence of the bursting of one of the main water-pipes. Six hours elapsed before the leakage could be located.

Gasoline from the dock used by submarines leaked into the well at the pumping station of Portsmouth Dockyard and exploded yesterday while workman Abbs was examining the pumps with a lamp. Abbs's life is despaired of.

## LOOKING FOR WORK.

Mr. Lomas, the secretary, told the Manchester War and Commerce Committee that the establishment of the Municipal Labour Bureau had brought unemployed men into the city.

## SAFETY LAMP STILL WANTED.

The Grocers' Exhibition prize of £120 for a safety lamp for mineral oil is not to be awarded to any of those sent in, none having been considered sufficiently satisfactory. But one competitor receives ten guineas as an encouragement to develop a promising idea.

## PHOENIX AT THE ZOO.

The latest additions to the Zoo are four Cape crowned cranes. These birds, with their flaming crests, are remarkably like the pictures of the legendary phoenix, and, as they probably occasionally appeared in Egypt thousands of years ago, experts think they may have given rise to the legend.

## KING'S PIPE FOR TOMMY.

Replying to Mr. Whitmore, M.P., in the House of Commons, Mr. Victor Cavendish said he regretted that it was impossible to distribute sufficient contraband tobacco among Chelsea and Kilmainham pensioners, as any surplus, after supplying certain other institutions, is given to troops going on foreign service.

## FOR THE POOR ONLY.

Laden with documents, a well-dressed woman asked the advice of the West London magistrate, adding that her husband was too busy to attend. Mr. Lane (after looking at the papers): What business have you to come here and take up the public time? You are people of property, and it is only to poor people that we magistrates give advice. We are not here to take the place of solicitors. It really comes to this—that you are seeking charity.

## CRIME SUGGESTED BY DREAM.

Mary Tinker told John Hayes, a Blackpool labourer, that she had dreamt he was cutting her throat. The next day they had a quarrel, and saying "She has dreamt I was cutting her throat, and it'll be done" Hayes attempted to cut her throat with a razor while she was lying in bed. The woman's hands were cut, and they were struggling together when the landlady interfered and saved the woman, Hayes being arrested. At the Manchester Assizes he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

## PENAL SERVITUDE TWICE IN SIX WEEKS.

Six weeks ago William Lewis, an expert office-breaker, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Liverpool. Yesterday, at Manchester, he was sent to gaol for five years, the first time to run concurrently with his Liverpool sentence. Counsel paid a tribute to prisoner's cleverness by stating that so few were the traces he left behind him that many junior clerks and others responsible for the locking of the doors had been suspected and dismissed.

## KILLED BY A CRICKET BALL.

A Lewisham jury yesterday returned a verdict of Accidental Death in the case of Andrew Edward Jessop, aged twenty-four, a professional cricketer, who, standing on the Lee cricket ground while play was in progress, was hit by a ball over the left eye. The injury at first appeared to be slight, but Jessop died from concussion of the brain.

## NOVELTY IN TEA ROOMS.

The various rooms in "Mckenzie's," the smart tea shop just opened in Bond-street, are each of them furnished in the style of a different period. The "red room" on the ground floor is in the style of Louis Seize; the "blue room" on the first floor is in the style of Louis Quinze; while the "green room" above that is in sixteenth century English style. The orchestra will discourse sweet music from a hidden apartment, the sound permeating each room through holes in the walls and floors.

Though a tea room, this establishment makes a specialty of dinners, and, in spite of its elegance, its prices are moderate.

## PLAYED FOOTBALL AND SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. F. K. Benson, who is again taking part in the Shakespeare representations at Stratford, is a splendid athlete, and so are many members of his company. They swim, row, play cricket and hockey among other things, and cricket matches are played whenever they can be arranged. A good story illustrative of Mr. Benson's athletic enthusiasm has been told. He once sent a telegram to a man in London whom he wanted to play Rugby in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and worded it, "Can you play Rugby? If so, come at once." The reply came shortly after: "Arrive 3 p.m." Played half-back for Stratford.

Thomas Pratt was killed by a fall of timber while employed on the battleship Repulse at Chatham Dockyard.

Three pairs of birds are busily engaged building their nests close outside the window of the St. Pancras Coroner's Court.

The King's bounty is being applied for on behalf of the collier's wife, named Farnworth, who at Tyldesley, near Manchester, has just given birth to four children, all boys.

On condition they return to work "in time" on the following days, the managers of the Poplar and Stepney Sick Asylum have decided to allow their employees full pay on public holidays.

## PRESENTATIONS TO PLUCKY POLICEMAN.

Three presentations to Constable Gunner, who jumped from Blackfriars Bridge into the Thames in an attempt to save the life of a woman, were made at the Snow Hill Police Station yesterday. He received the Royal Humane Society's silver medal, an illuminated address, and a cheque for £37 from Sir G. Faudel Phillips, which was subscribed by City men.

## WHY NOT EXPRESS STEAMERS?

Mr. W. Bull, M.P., speaking before the Commons Committee which is considering the Thames Steamboat Bills, yesterday advocated a service of express steamers to the City which would stop at only some of the piers.

He said he believed there were many people fond enough of an outdoor life to sacrifice half an hour night and morning in order to travel by the river.

## KILLED ON A MOTOR CYCLE.

Mr. Shirley Price, a resident of Beckenham, was riding along Albemarle-road on a motor cycle yesterday when he came into collision with a butcher's cart, and was thrown to the ground. He was picked up in an insensible condition and taken to the Beckenham Cottage Hospital, where he died shortly after admission.

## ALWAYS GAVE HIMSELF UP.

According to the detective who arrested him, Percy Stedall has a most peculiar habit. He began his career of crime when a boy, but on each occasion, after having committed an offence, he had given himself up to the police.

At the Manchester Assizes prisoner, young and well dressed, was sent to gaol for twelve months for stealing and cashing a cheque for £29 8s. belonging to the United Kingdom Alliance.

## JUROR ATTENDED BY WITNESS.

"During the hearing of a claim for damages in connection with a motor-car accident in Clapham-road, at the London Sheriff's Court yesterday, a juror was taken ill suddenly and left the box in a fainting condition, whereupon a medical gentleman who was giving evidence attended him. It was decided to try the case with eleven jurymen.

A Mr. Veillard claimed £200 from Mr. Duffy, whose motor had run into a hansom cab in which plaintiff was riding, and the jury gave him a verdict for the full amount claimed, with costs.

## MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY.

Mr. Arthur Boucherier will produce Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new play at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday evening, May 3. The author describes it as an original domestic pantomime in two acts, entitled "The Fairy's Dilemma."

The action of the play takes place at the present moment, and its scenes are laid on this earth, above it, and below it, and the persons of the play are divided into Supernaturals and Unnaturals.

## GOOD SAMARITAN STABBED.

As James Anderson, of Dalton-lane, was going home from work he saw some roughs attacking an old gentleman. Going to the assistance of the victim, he was set upon by the roughs, one of whom stabbed him in the head.

This happened three years ago, but the unfortunate man has ever since complained of pains in his head, and on Sunday last he came back from a walk complaining of feeling unwell, went to bed, and died a few hours later. At yesterday's inquest the doctor said death was due to the hemorrhage on the brain caused by a blood vessel bursting.

## CHILDREN WANDERING AT MIDNIGHT.

Two little children, who were so small that they had to be placed in front of the dock so that they could be seen, were charged at Brentford yesterday with wandering. A policeman said he found Daisy and Thomas Masters, aged nine and ten years, trudging hand-in-hand over Kew Bridge at midnight. They told him they had run away from home.

The parents pleaded that the children had been well looked after, but they had been found wandering before, and the Brentford magistrate said he thought they had been treated disgracefully. Both were sent to schools away from the care of their parents.

## LIFE SENTENCE FOR A FATHER.

Sentence of penal servitude for life was, at the Old Bailey, yesterday, passed upon George Hallam, fifty-five, a Camberwell draughtsman, indicted for having administered chloroform to his two children in a flat.

Counsel for the prosecution said prisoner's motive could not be understood unless it was that he wished to frighten his wife, with whom he had not been on the best of terms.

In summing up the Judge pointed out that in his will the prisoner left all his property to his soldier son, quite ignoring the claims of the other two children. This was a significant factor in considering whether prisoner intended to kill them.

The jury having found the prisoner insane, the Judge said he had no alternative but to pass the above sentence.

The King and Queen intend paying a visit to Swansea to lay the foundation-stone of the new dock in the second week in July.

"Give me a knife and let me finish it," cried a law writer living in St. Luke's, who had cut his throat with a penknife while ill in bed.

In response to a petition, the L.C.C. are running a service of four new trams in the early hours of the morning for the benefit of workmen on the East-hill and Wandsworth lines.

In view of the recent motor-car accident at Grove Hill, the Harrow Council will urge the Middlesex County Council to obtain powers to close the road under the new Motor Traffic Act.

## CAN A BLESSING STOP CRIME?

Judge Curran, who found no criminal business at Mullingar, attributed this happy circumstance to the Pope's blessing. At a private audience he had asked the Pope to bless the four counties which formed his circuit.

## POLLING BY POSTCARD.

A novel and convenient form of voting is being tried at Moss Side. The ratepayers have to decide whether their town shall be amalgamated with Manchester, and the local council has arranged that the votes shall be received on postcards.

## 207 DESCENDANTS LIVING.

A workman, employed at the Ely Paper Mills, in Wales, and his wife have had twenty-one children, nineteen of whom are living. Although the father has only just turned sixty years of age, he has already 169 grandchildren. His family, including himself and his wife, his sons and their wives and children, number 209.

## WARNING TO CONDUCTORS.

"This ought to be a warning to conductors," remarked the Hackney Coroner yesterday, at an inquest on an old man, who received fatal injuries through falling from the step of a tramcar, which the conductor had started before he had time to alight.

"There was no doubt, he added, that conductors were misled by the wilful perversity of healthy people, who would get out when trams were in motion.

## PLAYING WITH CARTRIDGES.

Three Spennymoor (Durham) boys have been charged with indulging in a most dangerous amusement. They visited local rifle range and took 150 cartridges. Several of these they laid on a colliery railway to be exploded by passing engines, causing the latter to be stopped. Others they drove into doors and windows at an ironworks, but these failed to explode.

## WHY LONDON'S STREETS ARE "UP."

During an action at Shoreditch County Court yesterday it was stated that before a road could be opened three days' notice had to be given to the local borough council, who insisted on relaying the road themselves.

Thus, when the road was opened for gas, water, or other causes, the hole was filled in roughly, and five days later the borough officials would properly relay the road.

His Honour: Now we know why our roads are always up. For the sake of a little officialism every filling-in job has to be done twice over.

## RELICS OF DICK TURPIN.

In front of the well-known Spaniards, on Hampstead Heath, a tavern traditionally associated with Dick Turpin, there is now on exhibition a collection of "relics" connected with him, among them a "horse pistol" dropped near the Spaniards by Dick Turpin on his famous ride to York.

There are also "the sword with which Dick Turpin killed his last victim—notice the blood-stains," the "knife with which Dick Turpin ate his last meal," and several other of the highwayman's belongings.

## WORKPEOPLE EVICTED BY FIRE.

A fire broke out yesterday at the premises of Messrs. Love and Wyman, manufacturing stationers, Great Queen-street, Holborn, on which a large number of persons were employed.

Finding there was no immediate danger the workpeople fled out in orderly fashion. The early efforts of the firemen to cope with the fire were quite futile, for the smoke was suffocating, and the men were driven back again and again half-choked. Smoke helmets were brought into requisition, and the flames were at last overcome.

## DANGER OF LOOSE TRAM RAILS.

Coming down Brixton Hill yesterday a fully-loaded omnibus collided with a loose rail and one of the horses was thrown into a trench dug for the electrification of the tramway. The animal fell on its back and remained helplessly wedged there with its legs waving in the air.

Traffic was delayed for some time, as only a small part of the road is open, but eventually ropes were passed under the horse and he was hauled out. Fortunately the omnibus was not overturned and no one was injured.

## RELIC OF ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT.

A relic of the days when the practice of witchcraft was common in England has just been discovered at Lynn, in Lincolnshire. In an old house a heart-shaped piece of cloth, pierced with needles and pins, has been found in a "grey-beard" bottle.

Such a charm was expected to kill the person whose name the cloth was named. As the pins pierced the heart of the man or woman was supposed to be gradually destroyed.

The Strand Guardians have christened a girl foundling who was found in Covent Garden market "Covent Garden."

At a Bristol church a young man, aged nineteen, has just been married to a woman who is over sixty.

In the Welsh Harp lake the body of a well-dressed man, apparently about forty-five years of age, has been found. There are tattoo marks on one arm.

Through falling from a scaffold at Waterloo Station yesterday, Joseph Cross, a stonemason, was terribly injured. He lies in a critical condition in St. Thomas's Hospital.

The report of the Meteorological Council of the Royal Society states that for the country generally fifty-one per cent. of the forecasts were last year completely successful, and thirty-nine per cent. partially successful.

## WATCHES IN A CHIMNEY.

A sweep who was cleaning the chimneys of one of the old-fashioned houses by Clapham Common has had a curious find.

In the course of his operations he dislodged some loose bricks, and with them came down three silver watches, some brooches, and pins.

All the articles were much discoloured, and it is supposed that they were hidden many years ago by burglars.

## BISHOP WILL NOT COMPROMISE.

Speaking on the Education question at the London Diocesan Conference yesterday, the Bishop of London said that no compromise had taken place, or was likely to, that was calculated to induce them to part with the control of their schools.

They had been fighting for years for the maintenance of that control; and for his part he would much prefer open defeat to a compromise with dishonour. Their immediate duty was to take the Act as it stood.

## SHOT BY A TRAMCAR.

As a tramcar was passing along the Alexandra-parade, Glasgow, a series of loud reports were heard, and a young woman who was walking by was struck by a bullet, which penetrated her clothes and wounded her arm.

It was found that someone had placed a number of Lee-Metford cartridges on the tram line. At present the offenders have not been found, but the police are making inquiries.

## CREPT INTO THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM.

A quaint story of the daring of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, who was captain of Queen Victoria's yacht, is told in the memoirs of the Countess of Munster, which were published yesterday.

"The Queen," says the Countess, "was passionately fond of fresh air, but on board the yacht this was only obtainable by keeping the port-holes open. One night a gale suddenly arose, and Lord Fitzclarence knew that the port-holes in the royal cabin were open. What was to be done? They must be shut! and no one but the captain could venture into the royal cabin—the Queen's bedroom! So, screwing up his courage to the sticking-place, he softly and with cat-like steps entered the sacred cabin, crept across it, shut the port-holes, and crept back again undiscovered."

On another occasion the Countess relates that something like a court-martial was held because one of the royal children had been bitten by a flea!

## £85 A WORSHIPPER.

"The ministrations at that church cost £85 per annum per worshipper, and I think that is a disgraceful thing," said Mr. Hicks, speaking at a meeting held yesterday to protest against the Bishop of London's scheme to close St. Mary's Church, Aldermanbury.

On the other side, the Vicar of St. Mary's protested against his church being closed. He pointed out that it had existed since 1300, and was the only church in London containing a statue of Shakespeare.

"It is a remarkable feature of this age that bishops should be foremost in endeavouring to put down churches," he said. "There should be no lack of funds for churches, especially as people could give £2,000 for a snuff-box, and fifty-eight churches have been pulled down in London during the last 100 years."

On a vote, the parishioners disapproved of the Bishop of London's scheme.

## PERSONAL.

AM in town Wednesday and Thursday—ARTHUR ANCHOR—Been ill. N. long time with address. LONG stay in town impossible. Are you away?—F. V. ALEXANDER—Bill. Card blank. Same place. Friday 10.

H. M. S.—Lonely and sad. Write, house address. Post early.—SCOTT.

FROST—Write again. Send address certain. Important.—CINDERELLA.

WAKLEY—Return immediately; everything can be satisfactorily arranged.

TRIX—Friday and Monday, very disappointed. Are you unwell? Believe my suspense. All yours.

B.L.—Real love should stand such short test, but if you wish to say goodbye for ever, let it be so. Ever, ever in thoughts.

MARK LANE to BAKER-STREET, third-class railway carriage, April 13. Shortest much like to see you again. West Pier, Brighton, Thursday, three o'clock.

M.—Have read registered letter posted Leadenhall-street. An broken-hearted, but will freely forgive and keep all secrets if you will return. Do for God's sake let me know where I can communicate with you. Think of motherless children.

THIRTY SHILLINGS REWARD—Lost on Friday, April 15, 1904, near the Monument Station, City, a Dark Brown Pomeranian Dog, with white on chest and long coat, half down back.—Information to be given to Mr. John R. Woodley, of 36, Wood-street, E.C., by whom the above Reward will be paid on the restoration of the dog.

LOST, on Thursday evening, either in Victoria-street or South-street, Thurlow-square, an Opal Pendant set with Four Diamonds.—Whoever brings news to the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, will be well rewarded.

FOUND on Wednesday, April 13, in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace, a Lady's Gold Watch—Apply to C. S. N., 11, Watney-avenue, Rochester.

\* \* \* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice of the advertiser by sending orders. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 5d. per word after.—Address Advertiser's Manager, 11, Abchurch-lane, London.



# IMPERSONATING A DUKE.

"His Highness" Leaves the Carlton for the Police Cell.

Among the names registered in the visitors' book at the Carlton Hotel during the week was that of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin. The distinguished guest was accompanied by the Hurlburg, who was understood to be his attendant. But the supposed Grand Duke and his companion have left their quarters at the hotel with dramatic suddenness, and are now confined in cells at Marlborough-street Police Court, where they passed under the commonplace titles of Jacques Ross, aged nineteen, and Meyer Binger, aged fifty.

Apparently there was no misgiving at the Carlton as to the real identity of the two visitors until Tuesday. On that day Mr. John Henry Simpson, assistant secretary to the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, called and asked to see the Grand Duke. Mr. Simpson's visit was due to the fact that on Monday two gentlemen had called at his company's Regent-street shop and asked that some "very nice jewellery," consisting of brooches, rings, collars, and other articles, should be sent to the Carlton "for the inspection of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin." A reason was afterwards found, however, for not sending the jewellery.

## An Interview in the Palm Court.

A clerk at the hotel ushered Mr. Simpson into the presence of the two would-be customers of the previous day in the Palm Court. To the younger of the two Mr. Simpson said, "I presume I am addressing his Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin." The young man replied, "Yes, I am he," and added a request that they should converse in French. As Mr. Simpson only speaks French imperfectly he intimated that he would send for an assistant who could speak the language, and in response to a further request agreed that this assistant should bring the jewellery that had been ordered.

But, instead of a jeweller's assistant, the Duke was confronted with Detective-Inspector Stuckley, of New Scotland Yard, who invited him into a private sitting-room, where, in the presence of the manager of the hotel and another detective, he explained that he had reason to doubt the genuineness of the Duke's claim to title. Upon the Duke reiterating this claim and adding that his companion's name was Hurlburg, who was "attached to him," the detective proceeded to read a paragraph from a London newspaper, announcing that the Grand Duke was to be married on the Continent, and that the Queen would attend the wedding.

"Are you the person referred to in that paragraph?" he asked, and again he was answered in the affirmative. However, when the detective suggested that they should go to the German Embassy for the purpose of identification, the young man changed his attitude, and eventually admitted that he was not the Grand Duke at all, and that his actual name was Rosetti. He came from Rotterdam, he said, and his companion, whose true name was Binger, was his uncle.

## Soapy Funds.

Rosetti, or Ross, as his correct name is believed to be, had no money in his possession, but carried cards bearing the name of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin. Under the name of "Hurlburg, aide-de-camp," his funds amounted to two shillings and fourpence. Their luggage, consisting of two handbags, contained only a change of clothes. During their stay at the hotel they had incurred a bill of £20.

According to Inspector Drew, who gave evidence yesterday, charged with felonious intent, the two men had been going about in carriages ordering jewellery in large quantities from various places. Their carriage was in waiting when they were arrested.

The magistrate, after hearing the above story, as supplied by various witnesses, remanded the prisoners.

Applying to the magistrate later in the day, Mr. Arthur Newton asked for bail, stating that Ross was the son of a highly respectable merchant in Holland. The two men had merely come over to London "on the spree." The application was refused.

## MR. MORGAN'S UNINVITED GUEST.

Comfortably ensconced in an outhouse in the grounds of Dover House, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Putney residence, an ex-convict named John Daley was preparing a meal of bread and butter and tea in the early hours of the morning when a policeman appeared on the scene. The constable presumed that Daley contemplated a felony, and took him into custody.

But at the South-Western Police Court yesterday Daley protested that his only object was to obtain a little seclusion for the preparation of his meal. The magistrate accepted the explanation, and discharged him with the advice that he should be more careful where he went.

## SNAPSHOTTING A PRISONER.

On the resumed hearing at Lambeth Police Court of the arson charge preferred against Frederick Langham, thirty-six, a tobaccoist, living in Camberwell-road, his counsel said the defence would be an alibi, which the prisoner was in a position to prove.

To enable that to be done, however, it would be very useful to have a photograph of the prisoner, and he (counsel) asked his worship's approval. His clerk would take a snapshot.

Mr. Hopkins granted the necessary permission, and it was understood the gaoler would give the necessary facilities.

The Campsea Ashe Sparrow Club in Suffolk reports a total kill of 5,622 during the past year. Since the club was formed its members have dispatched no fewer than 17,000 sparrows.

Mr. Henry Wood, the famous Queen's Hall conductor, will make his first appearance as a lecturer in London on Friday evening, when he will lecture to the Concert-Goers' Club on "The Wood Wind of the Orchestra," the Queen's Hall Wood Wind Quintet supplying the musical illustrations.

# HOP-FIELD MURDER MYSTERY.

Woman's Story of a Meeting with Two Men Near the Scene of the Crime.

A verdict of Willful Murder against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury which sat yesterday to investigate the death of the young groom, George White, whose body was found in a hop-field at Wrecclesham, near Farnham, in Hampshire.

Frank Fry, the cowboy who was arrested on Tuesday on suspicion of being concerned in White's murder, was not present in court. It is understood that White and Fry had both become fascinated by the attractions of a pretty nursemaid in service at Runwick Farm, where they were employed.

This girl, whose name is Phoebe Mephram, was called as a witness yesterday after a brother had formally identified the body of the murdered groom, whom he had last seen alive, he said, at half-past six on Sunday.

Phoebe Mephram, a comely girl, told the coroner that on Sunday evening she met White near Farnham Cemetery and he walked home with her. He said good-night at the gate, and she presumed he was going home.

## Woman's Terrifying Experience.

The most important witness called was Mary Ann Brewer, who, as she was walking through the hop garden in which the murdered youth's body was afterwards found, met two people walking along the footpath skirting the field.

At first she thought they were a man and a woman, but afterwards she discovered they were both men, one of whom appeared to be drunk. The taller of the two had his arm around the waist of the other and was helping him along. As she passed them the taller one called the other aside, and after she had got a few yards in front she heard one man tumble and scream. She said, "I am alone here!" and the tall man said "No." She saw the tall man standing up and apparently

helping the other, who was on the ground. She heard the scream again, and she said, "Are you sure no one is hurt?" The answer came back grimly, "No, no, no, I told you," and she then went away, thinking the affair was a drunken freak.

A few minutes later she was returning by the path and heard a loud clashing sound and heavy breathing coming from the hop ground. She could not see anybody, and becoming frightened, ran the rest of the way home.

Constable Hyland described the position of the body and produced a heavy hazel stick stained with blood, which he found near the body. On the body he found a shawl. The trouser pockets had been turned partially inside out.

Dr. Ealand, who was called to examine the body in the field, said there was a wound extending right across the throat. On the head there was a clean cut through the skull, which was abnormally thin. The blow probably had been inflicted from behind and some minutes before the throat was cut. The wound on the head might not have been sufficiently severe to cause death.

After this evidence had been given the jury returned their verdict as recorded above.

The coroner remarked that one of the most important pieces of evidence—the footprints—had been obliterated before the police could get there by inquisitive people in their anxiety to see the body. Footprints were one of the first pieces of evidence the police looked for in cases of this kind, and the public should not be so inquisitive, as it affected the ends of justice.

## Fry's Alibi.

When charged during the day before the magistrates with the murder of White, Frank Fry declared that he was innocent, and his father, a labourer, said that he could bring evidence to show that the prisoner was at home on Sunday night at nine o'clock.

## MINIATURE OF A LADY.

Dispute Over the Price of an American Lady's Work.

A miniature was the subject of a dispute between two ladies in Mr. Justice Lawrence's Court yesterday.

It represented Mrs. Claude Watney, the wife of one of the partners in the well-known brewery firm, and was the work of Mrs. Couderet, an American miniature painter, who, as her counsel, Mr. Lawson Walton, pointed out, has painted the portraits of many royal personages. Mrs. Couderet, whose work has gained her much distinction, is better known by her maiden name of Annie Kussner.

Mrs. Couderet sued Mrs. Watney for 200 guineas, which she said was due to her to make up the balance of 400 guineas which she had been promised for her work.

Mrs. Watney's case was that the bargain had been for 200 guineas only, so she understood. When Mrs. Watney, after the plaintiff's case had closed, went into the witness-box, she stated Mrs. Couderet told her that her price ranged from 100 guineas to 300 guineas, but from crowned heads she received as much as 500 guineas. The



MRS. COUDRET,

a miniature painter, who yesterday sued Mrs. Claude Watney for 200 guineas, half the alleged price of a miniature—(sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

agreed price was 150 guineas, which she considered very high. Subsequently Mrs. Couderet said the work was more difficult than she had anticipated, and that the price would be over 200 guineas.

In cross-examination Mrs. Watney said the miniature was a pretty piece of work, but she was not satisfied with it, as the chin and mouth were not like her. She told Mrs. Couderet the reason she did not like the miniature was because it made her look as though she were only sixteen.

After discussing the matter in the retirement of their private room for more than an hour the jury found it impossible to agree as to their verdict. They were accordingly discharged.

## DANGEROUS LOVER.

Nursery Governess's Assailant Sent to Penal Servitude.

George Arthur Risson, the young man who shot at his former sweetheart, a nursery governess, on Tooting Common, was indicted at the Old Bailey yesterday, and pleaded guilty to shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm. For the defence it was urged that prisoner was a man whose mind was not at all evenly balanced.

Mr. Justice Darling said the prisoner's plea would be accepted. Risson was obviously a person of a very dangerous character—dangerous to himself (for it seemed that he had intended to commit suicide) and dangerous to at least one other person.

The offence was one for which sentence of penal servitude for life could be passed. If he did not impose that sentence, it was only because he must make allowance for the kind of relations that existed between the prisoner and the girl. Prisoner must undergo five years' penal servitude.

## SENTIMENTAL AMUSEMENT.

Under cross-examination by Mr. Horace Avery at Mayfield Police Court, Mrs. Beatrice Davies, the principal witness against Dr. Frederick Hicks, who was again remanded on a charge of performing an illegal operation, admitted that a month after her marriage last February she wrote to her friends that she was tired of wedded life.

Mr. Avery: Was there a man in Bulham who was fond of, and who was fond of you?—Yes; last year.

Answering further questions, Mrs. Davies said she was not in correspondence with anyone. The handwriting on a blotting-pad produced was hers, and what appeared upon it was done purely for amusement. She had written, "You know I shall never love anyone but you, love," "My own darling," and "all my fond love and kisses," solely for amusement.



MRS. CLAUDE WATNEY, the wife of a well-known brewery owner, denied that the price of the miniature was to be 400 guineas, and the jury disagreed about the case.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

# POLLARD CASE REVIEWED.

Closing Stages of the Sensational Sequel to a Divorce Suit.

After a three weeks' absence, caused by the Easter recess, the Pollard case returned yesterday to the Divorce Court.

This great cause celebre is now nearing its close. In point of length it has been almost as abnormal as the revelations that it has produced, but to-day will in all probability see the end of it.

Yesterday Sir Edward Clarke made his final speech on behalf of Mrs. Pollard, and Sir Edward Carson, the representative of the King's Proctor, began his final reply.

Before the President took his seat the ladies and gentlemen who may be described as the regular habitués of the Pollard case were busy explaining to friends whom they had brought into the court for the first time what the Pollard case is all about and who the important personages engaged in it are.

## The Chief Characters.

"There in front, sitting by himself with a glass of water in front of him," these guides said, "is Sir Edward Carson, appearing on behalf of the King's Proctor, or Public Prosecutor, that quiet-looking gentleman without a gown sitting at the Associate's table." Sir Edward is asking that the divorce granted to that pretty little pale-faced lady in the blue and green hat on the other side of the court shall be annulled. That is Mrs. Pollard, and the two young ladies sitting by her side are her sisters.

The gentleman next to them with the face that reminds you of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes is Mr. Osborn. He is the solicitor who helped Mrs. Pollard to get her decree nisi. The King's Proctor says that he, in conjunction with Slater's, the private detectives, tried to make Mrs. Pollard's husband misconduct himself so that evidence for divorce could be procured.

That big man next to Mr. Osborn is Mr. Knowles. Mr. Knowles is the man who provided the money to pay Slater's for the investigations of their detectives. He gave to Slater's over £2,700.

These explanations to country cousins were interrupted by the entry of the Judge.

Sir Edward Clarke began his speech by telling the jury that on their verdict three interests depended. The first, and perhaps least important, of these interests, from his own point of view, he said, was that of Slater's.

"I am not counsel for Slater's," Sir Edward continued, "and there is nothing I am less anxious to do than give an advertisement to them."

But, as Slater's were parties with an important connection with the case, he added, it was only fair to them that their actions should be put properly before the Court.

## Vindicating Slater's.

At a later period of his speech Sir Edward devoted some time to a vindication of Slater's and their methods, and he pointed out that none of the evidence in the case was ever connected with Mr. Slater, Mr. Henry, or Mr. Hamilton with any discreditable conduct.

The charge against Mr. Osborn Sir Edward regarded as of greater character and importance. To Mr. Osborn the consequences of the jury's verdict, both professionally and personally, were very grave indeed. "Why the King's Proctor," counsel at this point said, "has made so grave a charge against a member of our profession, I do not know."

The gravest interest of all at stake, Sir Edward declared, at the end of his analysis of issues, was that of Mrs. Pollard, the future course of whose life was in the balance.

Counsel then turned to the jury and assured them that during the recess he had carefully re-read all the evidence. To do this he had had to go through the replies to no fewer than 7,800 questions.

The Solicitor-General: There are 8,798 questions. Sir Edward Clarke: I always understand things. This remark caused an outburst of laughter.

Sir Edward's speech lasted for the greater part of the day, and in the course of it he made a detailed examination of the evidence that had been given.

## The Subject of Mr. Knowles.

The turn of Sir Edward Carson did not come until half-past three o'clock, when only half an hour remained for him in which to start his own final speech.

The Solicitor-General devoted this half-hour to discussing the connection of Mr. Knowles with the case.

It was known, he said, that "the client" had paid ninety-two visits to Slater's office while the detectives were at work. How was it possible to believe that Mr. Knowles, as that gentleman had declared, was told nothing during these ninety-two visits except that inquiries were being made?

"What I mention Slater's," added Sir Edward Carson, "I cannot help feeling indignation." Sir Edward Carson will conclude his speech to-day.

## LOVE OF DRESS LEADS TO CRIME.

Love of dress was responsible for the appearance of Amelia Williams, an eighteen-year-old servant, in the dock at North London Police Court yesterday on a charge of stealing a gold ring, valued at £12, from her employer, a Homerton confectioner.

The magistrate was told that on March 23 the ring disappeared, and that at Easter the girl was wearing a new dress. It was found that at the time she ordered this she was unable to pay for it. A remand was ordered.

## INADEQUATE ATTEMPT.

In dealing with a prisoner who at the Old Bailey pleaded guilty to libel, the Recorder said it was a matter for regret that cases of this character were on the increase.

Accused persons seemed to think they could come to the court, plead guilty, and escape all regret, and so escape all punishment. It was necessary, however, to make it clear that libels of this sort could not be tolerated, and he hoped that the sentence he was about to pass—that of three months' hard labour—would act as a deterrent.



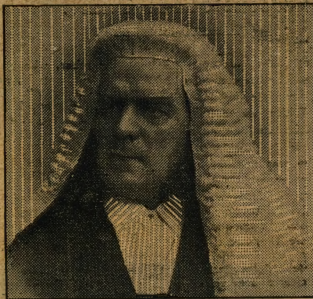
# "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" IS GROWING—T

## LADY CONSTANCE MACKENZIE MARRIED.



Lady Constance Mackenzie, unconventional as ever, has been married, almost secretly, in a Highland chapel at Tain, Ross-shire, to Sir Edward Austin Stewart-Richardson, a captain in the Black Watch. Lady Constance plays the bagpipes and rides anything from a Shetland pony to a racehorse, and drives a motor or four horses equally fearlessly. She is also a magnificent swimmer. (Photograph by W. Barnett.)

## YESTERDAY'S POLLARD CASE.



Sir Edward Clarke made his final address to the jury yesterday on the resumed hearing of the now famous Pollard case. (Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

## A CHILD STUDY.



A clever photographic study of an unusually pretty child. (Photograph by Gerschel, Paris.)

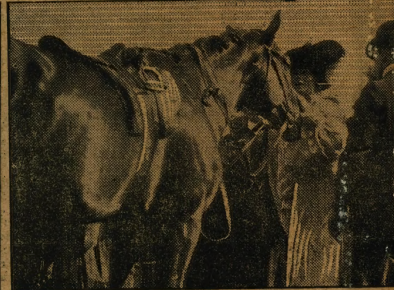


The finish for the West-hinted. (Photograph by Gerschel, Paris.)

## SCENES ON THE ROAD YESTERDAY AND IN THE



Old Mr. Dearle, the veteran Epsom tradesman who has seen more of the Epsom racing than any other man alive. He has not missed a Derby for seventy-eight years.



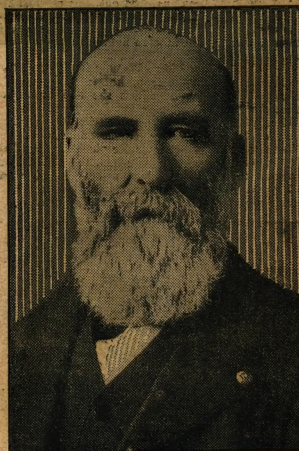
Mr. J. S. Clark's Mark Time, the defeated favourite Metropolitan, just before he left the paddock for Mrs. Clark is wishing him good luck.

## SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH ANNIVERSARY.



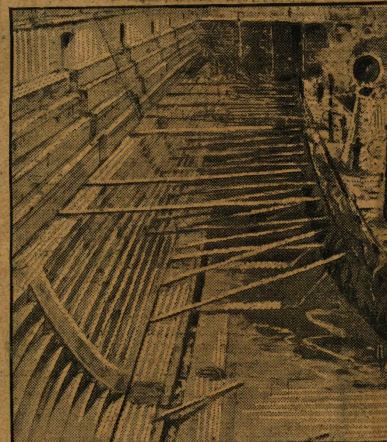
Saturday is the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth on April 23, 1564. The house in which he was born at Stratford-on-Avon is now the property of the nation and used as a Shakespeare Museum. A performance of Shakespearian plays is held annually at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

## A MISSING HEIR.



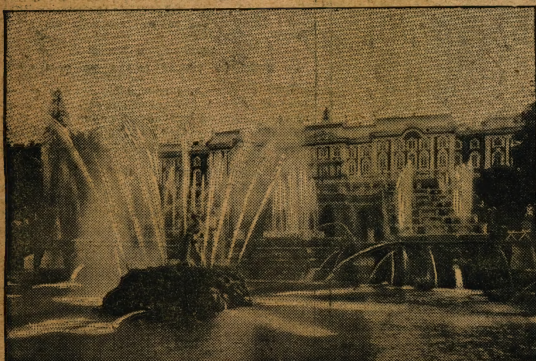
Hamlet Henry Hawthorne is heir to a large fortune, but cannot be found. Many years ago he saved the life of a wealthy woman, and she has now bequeathed to him a large estate in Australia. See page 3.

## THE A1 DOCK



The wrecked submarine A1 is at last safely docked to keep out the curious sight.

## THE SUMMER HOME OF THE TSAR.



The famous fountains at the Zarskoje Selo Summer Palace at St. Petersburg, to which the Tsar has just moved for the summer months.

## LAZY LOAFERS MONOPOLY.



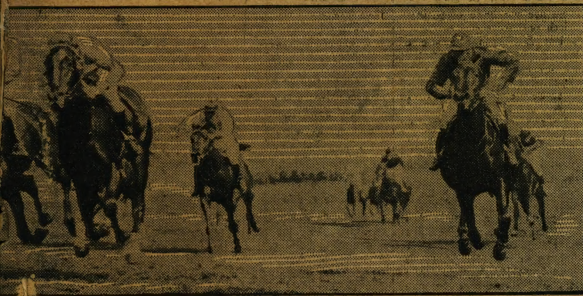
"Park Pests," as the unemployable unemployed who spend their days upon the grass of the London unmitigated nuisance is certain, but it is difficult to see how they are to be excluded. These unwashed children were





# CIRCULATION IS NOW OVER 150,000 PER DAY.

## A KEEN FINISH AT EPSOM.



...te at Epsom. Mr. Arthur James's Golden Gleam is first, winning by a ...ondolette and Bright Star are second and third.

## PAUDDOCK AT EPSOM RACES.



for the Great  
the course.

Many of the racing patrons from London who stayed in Epsom overnight had to put up with rough accommodation. Early morning toilets were mostly made under the pump.

## LAST NIGHT'S DRAMATIST.



Mr. R. C. Carton, whose play, "The Rich Mrs. Repton," was produced last night at the Duke of York's Theatre.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)



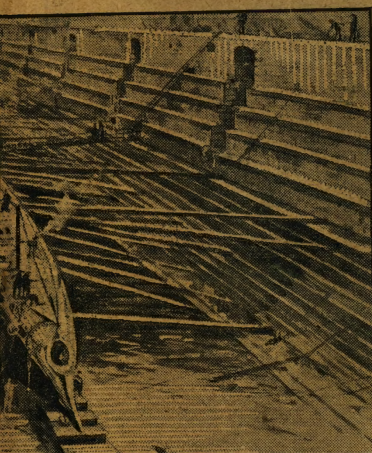
Mrs. Everard Cotes, the clever novelist, whose latest work, "The Imperialist," will appear this week. (Photograph by Beresford.)

## PRINCE OF WALES'S HOST.



The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, the host of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are visiting Vienna. He greeted his royal guests at the station, wearing for the first time his uniform as a British Field-Marshal. Once at the Hofburg, the royal palace, there was no further ceremony for the day, in order that the Prince and Princess might rest after their long journey.

## ED AT LAST.



ed at Portsmouth. Notice the screens around ...oor.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

## THE WIDOW AND THE JAM POT.



Mrs. Frasier, the widow of Shaftesbury-avenue who was awarded £600 for a breach of promise a month ago, has had twenty-nine proposals since. In the window of her shop is a large jam pot round which buzz artificial flies. See page 3.—(Photograph by Langfier.)

## RUSSIAN NURSES AT THE FRONT.



A group of Russian Red Cross nurses, both men and women, and their convalescent patients at the Military Hospital, Newchwang. The patient nature of the Russian peasantry makes the Russian soldier an excellent patient. His lack of education, also, makes him look upon his doctor as infallible.

## THE LONDON PARKS.



parks have grown to be called, are exercising the ingenuity of the authorities. That they are an ...t and verminous idlers were photographed yesterday in the Green Park, within a few feet of where playing.

## SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.



The Shakespeare birthday celebrations next Saturday, April 23, take place in the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. It was erected by national subscription.



## MISS ANGELA CONSTABLE-MAXWELL'S WEDDING.

AN EXQUISITE  
TROUSSEAU.A WEDDING DRESS EMBROIDERED  
WITH HOLLY.

Miss Angela Constable-Maxwell, daughter of Lord Herries, and sister of the Duchess of Norfolk, who was married at Everingham, in Yorkshire, yesterday, to Mr. Eric Drummond, wore a pearl-white satin toilette made very uncommon in appearance by embroideries in silver, the design being a holly branch. As this is the badge not only of the Herries family, but of that of the bridegroom, the Strathallans, it was a most happy choice, and very beautiful it looked upon the apron of the wedding dress skirt.

Like her sister, the Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Constable-Maxwell signified her admiration for a wedding gown that is simple in character, though very rich in material, by wearing quite a plain skirt, save for the embroidery, and a swathed cor-

The dress worn by  
Miss Constable-  
Maxwell at her mar-  
riage, solemnised  
at Everingham, in  
Yorkshire, yester-  
day, is described in  
detail on this  
page.



[Specially drawn for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" by Miss HOARE.

sage, with over-sleeves of satin to the elbow and soft gathered ones of mousseline de soie beneath. But, in addition to the embroidery already mentioned, a wealth of Brussels lace was bestowed upon the toilette, all the gift of Lady Herries to her daughter, and by her worn at her own marriage.

This lace appeared on the bodice in the form of a fichu, and edged the Brussels net drapery that half hid the full Court train of heavy pearl-white crêpe de Chine, which was tucked at the edge, and was beautifully ornamented by trails of orange blossoms that fell from each shoulder and outlined the train.

Miss Maxwell's five bride-maids—four grown-up girls and one child—were like summer's day Watteau nymphs in hand-painted chiffon, all delicate shades of pink, over petticoats of soft white mousseline. The overdress was ruffled with pale blue tulle, and the picturesque bolices with their kerchiefs of white mousseline were tied with blue ribbons, ruffled with blue, and finished with elbow sleeves. White chiffon hats, finely tucked, wreathed with wee pink roses on the brow, and bunched at the side with the same, were worn, and as through the crown blue chine silk was strung, forming strings that tied at one side, the effect was charmingly picturesque.

Though the wedding dress was made in London, the bride-maids' gowns and several of the bride's trousseau dresses were the work of a dressmaker in Hull. Madame Clapham made for Miss Maxwell, amongst many other delightful toilettes, several day-gowns, one of old-rose cloth—the bodice of which was embroidered by hand with shades of

the most beautiful old lace over a background of snow-white chiffon. The embroidery for the wedding dress was executed by the nuns of the convent in which the bride's aunt is a sister.

A very noticeable feature in both the Duchess of Norfolk's wedding-gown and Miss Angela Maxwell's is that they could not possibly be mistaken for evening-gowns of any description. There is a tendency nowadays to be married in dinner, ball, or presentation gowns, which look the part, and are really very elaborate evening frocks. This is quite wisely done in many cases, it being desirable that they should serve a dual purpose, and so the plan commends itself from the economical point of view. Still, there was something almost sacred in the old-time wedding-gown, which used to be tenderly wrapped in soft muslin and tissue paper, and showered with lavender blossoms. Long ago I remember seeing such an one. It was thought to be quite a privilege to see it and touch it, for it had been worn fifty years before; and when I saw Miss Angela Constable-Maxwell's I could not refrain from hoping that hers might not be used for any ordinary occasion, after this great one.

Lady Herries wore the same gown that she had on at the Duchess of Norfolk's wedding only about two months ago, a lovely blue mousseline colours costume with pompadour brocade about it, woven specially, I believe, from a very old pattern. It was noticeable that Lady Bute discarded her widow's weeds for the day, just as she did at the Duchess of Norfolk's wedding, wearing grey instead of black. There is something very touching in such a tribute to the day of rejoicing in these times, when black, which used to be considered very unlucky for a wedding day, is so frequently worn.

smart or youthful or bewitching, but who possesses to the full what Dr. Johnson described as "a fundament of sound sense."

Sensism has Miss Compton's breezy personality been able to express itself through a more appropriate medium than the fancy upon which "The Rich Mrs. Repton" is based. As the title shows, Mrs. Repton has plenty of money, but she has nothing in particular to do with it. The result is that she follows the dictates of her own good heart, and devotes herself to helping young people in their own high social circle—especially young men.

In fact, so many of the young men of society troop to her house in Belgrave to ask her advice that she goes so far as to start a club for their particular benefit.

## THE AGONY COLUMN.

The agony column of a newspaper is one which the majority of readers never fail to scan. In its sidelights of human nature we have oftentimes tragedy and comedy, mirth and misery.

"Hear-who people but seldom make use of the agony column," said a gentleman competent to speak with authority on the subject. "And, so far as lovers go, the persons who advertise generally belong to a rather elevated class of society."

A great many of the cypher "ads." emanate from thieves—those which come from lovers are always of the simplest possible character—and I have many a time communicated with the police after deciphering a message of this kind.

## A Happy Ending.

"Some time ago, to give you a simple case within my experience, a gentleman, who had just returned from Australia, asked to see me in order that I might suitably frame an advertisement for him. He had been absent from England for more than twenty years, and he had made a fortune. He wanted to advertise for the girl he had been engaged to when he went away, and of whom he had never heard a word for years. He told me the sequel afterwards; he found the woman dying in a metropolitan workhouse. Her brother had seen the advertisement, and communicated with the gentleman. He afterwards married her daughter."

"I know several advertisers about whose sanity I have the gravest doubts. They advertise persistently, and must spend a good deal of money

## Maude Taylor,

163b, SLOANE ST.,  
LONDON, S.W.



50 Cream Washing Silk, trimmed lace insertion, with new pelerine effect.

SALE PRICE, 7/11; Usual Price, 12/11.

GREAT SALE OF  
MODEL BLOUSES,

NOW  
PROCEEDING.

Sale Usual  
Price Price

50 Under Skirts in New Orchid shape; Rich Silk Flounce in cream and contrasting shades; Alpaca top ... 12/11 18/11

Several Tea and Dressing Jackets and Gowns, in various styles, slightly soiled, to be cleared from ... 2/11

200 French Paillette Silk Models, with rich garnitures ... 39/11 24 to 48s.

160 Crêpe de Chine Models, in all shades, trimmed lace, etc. ... 21/- 29/11

10 Dozen Soft Batiste Blouses, trimmed imitation Cluny Lace (all colours) and black. Cash with order. ... 4/11

in this fashion, and yet their "ads." seem quite purposeless and incoherent. Here is a specimen: "Nonsuch; the truth revealed by inspiration; let the guilty put their sins to mending." I have no doubt whatever that the author of that message is a religious maniac; and not a designing person concealing some artful message in a maze of words."

Design for a taffetas toilette for spring wear, to be carried out in snuff-brown silk with an ivory antique lace yoke. The hat is a brown chip one, trimmed with an ivory-coloured lace veil.



[Specially drawn for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" by Miss HOARE.

## "THE RICH MRS. REPTON."

## Miss Compton at Her Best in a Delightful Comedy.

To the joy of the whole play-going world, Mr. R. C. Carton, in the new piece which was produced last night at the Duke of York's Theatre, returns once more to his happiest vein of light and laughter-making and altogether beautiful comedy. With the new play, too, comes as a matter of course a new part for Miss Compton (Mrs. Carton), and one of her very best. Once again she represents that invaluable and thoroughly English type of woman—the woman who makes no effort to be

smart or youthful or bewitching, but who possesses to the full what Dr. Johnson described as "a fundament of sound sense."

Sensism has Miss Compton's breezy personality been able to express itself through a more appropriate medium than the fancy upon which "The Rich Mrs. Repton" is based. As the title shows, Mrs. Repton has plenty of money, but she has nothing in particular to do with it. The result is that she follows the dictates of her own good heart, and devotes herself to helping young people in their own high social circle—especially young men.

In fact, so many of the young men of society troop to her house in Belgrave to ask her advice that she goes so far as to start a club for their particular benefit.

A budding dramatist (Mr. Dion Boucicault) goes to Mrs. Repton to be assured of his genius, which the theatrical managers had doubted. A briefcase barrister (Mr. C. M. Lowne) is similarly encouraged, also a young officer (Mr. Frodoe), and, not least, a man of the penance, one Lord Charles Darnchester (Mr. A. E. Matthews), whom Mrs. Repton has to shield from an attempt at blackmail.

Even love affairs come within the limits of Mrs. Repton's "sphere of influence." But, alas! the course of those as well who try to help true lovers does not always run smooth. Accordingly, you must imagine two young men, both over head and ears in love, both imparting their secret to a confidante to whom they are equally endeared, and both proving to be in love with the same girl, which is quite natural, considering she appears in the altogether charming person of Miss Dora Barton.

When you imagine that, you have the situation with which Miss Compton is faced.

Needless to say, thanks to Mrs. Repton's discretion and generosity, it all comes right in the end on the one side of the footlights and, thanks to the never-failing wit and ingenuity and good taste of Mr. Carton, not to speak of the clever company, there was nothing but satisfaction on the other side also.

"Saturday to Monday," which is now playing much more briskly at the St. James's, and bids fair to do very well, is to be preceded on and after Saturday night by "Op o' Me Thumb," the little play by Messrs. Fenn and Pryce which was so well received when the Stage Society performed it a few weeks ago. Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Mr. Nye Chart will take their original parts.



# PETS PROVIDED FOR BY WILL. Reflections.

## Testators Who Leave Behind Strange Bequests for Their Favourite Animals.

An elderly lady named Eldham, who died recently at Hackney, left instructions in her will that her "dear old faithful cat, Queenie, is at once provided, that she may not in any way fret after me."

This is but one of many instances of injunctions in wills with reference to testators' pets.

Some years ago a rich old lady residing at Birmingham left £100 a year to defray the expenses of a fat poodle's and grey parrot's annual trip to Margate by boat. The stay was to last a fortnight, and her treasures were to be located in apartments opposite the sea. The poodle was to be taken for exercise twice a day on the jetty, and was to accompany the parrot for a drive every afternoon, weather permitting.

If the terms of the late Mrs. Lisetta Rist's will are fulfilled certain roads in the City and East End should be kept clear of snow and gravelled every day from the beginning of November to the end of the following April, each year, "in order," as the testatrix said, "to secure good footing for the feet of horses and other animals." One thousand five hundred pounds was left by this considerate and thoughtful lady to form a "graveling trust."

In bequeathing money testators seem to have felt that it would not be fair to withdraw the comforts their pets had been used to during their lifetime. One lady, whose cats had been accustomed to meat soup twice a day, left in clean silver soup plates, left sufficient money for a continuance of this sumptuous feeding, with minute instructions as to the seasoning and flavouring of the soup, and the sizes of the pieces of bread to be added thereto.

### £150 a Year for a Cat.

The mistress of a black cat without a single white hair bequeathed it, with £150 a year for its support, to an old servant. At the cat's death or loss the money was to revert to her nephew. As black cats are reputed to be long lives, the nephew, to expedite matters, surreptitiously obtained possession of his enemy, fastened it in a basket in company with some bricks, and

dropped it over Waterloo Bridge. The old servant, however, anticipating some such trick, had taken the precaution of purchasing a duplicate black cat very similar in appearance, which was dozing contentedly on the hearth when the nephew called to see how his "poor aunt's dear cat" was getting on.

A Mr. Berkeley, residing at Knightsbridge, was owner of a dog which on a memorable occasion saved his master's life. When the dog died the gratitude was transferred to the four descendants, who were each bequeathed a pension of £25 a year. At the close of a long illness, feeling that his end was approaching, Mr. Berkeley had the dogs lifted on to the bed, and, caressing them with touching fondness, literally died in their paws. The busts of these four dogs were subsequently engraved on the four corners of his tomb.

### Ungrateful Legatee.

Persons selected by testators to look after their pets do not always regard their duties as sacred. Some few years since a Mr. Edmest left his favourite servant, Elizabeth Robbins, £50 a year, on condition that she took charge of his favourite dog. At the time the will was made the favourite animal was Roubin. But it died, and was succeeded by Sambo. On Mr. Edmest's death Elizabeth Robbins claimed the £50, but repudiated Sambo, and the Vice-Chancellor declared she was legally entitled to do so. At the same time the Court held that the applicant would temper justice with mercy.

An enthusiastic admirer of horses was the late Mrs. Bell, of Streatham, who directed that £65 a year should be set aside for the keep of a horse which had belonged to her late husband. The animal was to be kept in a comfortable and properly-ventilated house, to do no work in or out of harness, was not to be ridden by any member of her husband's family, but by a person of light weight not more than four days a week, and not more than one hour each day.

A lady left 100 guineas a year for the keep of a pair of horses, which was to be produced twice a year, "to prove that the person tending it had not wrung its neck."

The Bill which proposes a method of preventing publicans who have committed no fault from having their living taken away from them without recompense does credit both to the good sense and to the sense of justice of the Government. Everyone agrees that there are too many public-houses. Yet no one but extreme teetotal fanatics would like to bring about a reduction in their number by harshly depriving honest and respectable people of their means of livelihood.

On the other hand, there is no disposition on the part of the nation to compensate these people for the loss of their licences out of the national purse. The "trade" will not like paying compensation itself, but that is what the Bill, if it becomes law, will make them do. On the whole, it is as good a solution of the difficulty as could be found. The teetotal fanatics will not get the number of licences reduced so quickly as they would like, but in such matters it is a great mistake to go ahead too fast at once. When the extremists on either side are both discontented, it is generally safe to assume that a sensible decision has been reached.

How different life would be if we always had such weather as we have been enjoying lately! Sunshine not only makes people feel well, it makes them do their work better. It fills them with the real joy of living. When the skies are blue and the world warm and bright, we can without difficulty

Put away life-harming heaviness, And cultivate a cheerful disposition.

Bad temper and depression have been noticeably rare during the past ten days.

Of course, one gets tired, in time, even of perpetual sunshine. All who have been in India, or even in Italy, know how they sometimes long for a grey day to break the monotony. But that is merely because human nature, especially British human nature, thirsts for variety. The fact

remains that people in sunny lands are happier by disposition than those who inhabit cloudy climes. For one thing, they do not have to work so hard. For another, they can live more in the open air. Yet we enjoy the sun more than they do, because he is to us a luxury; so perhaps the balance is not so very uneven after all.

While the London General omnibus conductors in London are being obliged to wear bowler hats instead of caps, there is a movement afoot in Bristol for going about with bare heads, like the Bluecoat boys. Men's headgear might certainly be improved upon, but we doubt whether the "No Hat" craze will last longer than the "No Breakfast" notion of a short while back. Why, by the way, do not the omnibus companies take a hint from the County Council and put their men into uniforms? It would immensely improve the appearance of the streets.

Match-makers (not the matrimonial, but the other kind) are rejoicing over the Chancellor of the Exchequer's latest move, that more moisture may be allowed in tobacco. It will cause smokers to use more matches, because their favourite mixtures, being damper, will not burn so well. Mistresses of households will find it harder work than ever to keep enough match-boxes about to satisfy their pipe-smoking husbands and sons.

I feel much sympathy with a correspondent—Mr. W. Friend, of Norland-square, Kensington—who calls attention to the need so many people feel for a good music-lending library.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the present means for obtaining music on library terms delivered free to subscriber's residence are quite inadequate. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that capital and musical enthusiasm and appreciation are rarely to be found in the same direction. Thousands of subscribers are waiting in town and country, thus baying Carnegie should come to the front and finance a scheme, the possibilities of which are unlimited.

Why, instead of appealing to Mr. Carnegie, does not Mr. Friend organise these thousands of possible subscribers and set the thing going on a self-supporting basis?

## OUR SERIAL.

# Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

### PERSONS OF THE STORY.

**JANET DRESSERON:** A beautiful girl anxious, but against her wish, to go on the stage. She has undoubted dramatic talent.

**JOHN GRAY:** A barrister in love with Janet who has, however, refused him.

**HERBERT DAVENTRY:** A scoundrel actor who has seen Janet act in private theatricals, got himself introduced to her, and has married her in order to live on her earnings as an actress. At the end of their honeymoon he is arrested for having committed fraud as a bogus theatrical agent.

**Mrs. Ross:** Janet's Aunt, with whom she was staying in London at the time when Daventry lured her into theatrical snare.

### CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

"Herbert Daventry, alias Mortimer, I arrest you."

These men were police, and her husband was under arrest! The horror of it seemed to sear Janet's brain. The carriage suddenly swam round her; she swayed from side to side; then her head fell back against the seat, her eyes closing in momentary mental oblivion. But almost immediately the faintness passed; shudderingly she returned to consciousness, and the tableau reformed before her shrinking gaze—her husband sitting on the seat opposite between the two men, handcuffed, his twitching face the colour of chalk.

It was all a mistake of course; that was the only possible explanation. Some terrible, inexplicable miscarriage of justice had occurred, and at the police station it would be discovered, and her husband would be released. But that could never undo the horror of this moment, could never repair the humiliation put upon him.

The train was moving on to Victoria. Her husband was speaking; it was only by degrees that she became aware of what he was saying. Her mind was at first too numb to grip the details of the scene. The words suddenly touched her life, left her mentally stunned.

"You'll be sorry for this, let me tell you, before you've done; I'll make you pay for this outrage, you'll see; I'll have you drummed out of Scotland Yard, clever as you think yourself." Daventry was blustering. "My God, things have come to a pretty pass when a professional man—a man of my standing, I say—can be arrested by any jack-in-office on a trumpety charge for which there is no shadow of ground. I have plenty of influence in the right quarter, and someone's got to smart for this!"

The two men in plain clothes, quite unflustered, exchanged a surreptitious wink.

"It's all right, Janet," went on Daventry, still in the loud, blustering voice; "they'll soon find they have no shadow of justification for this monstrous charge. I wouldn't let me be in their shoes. There's justice left in England yet, thank God, as they'll have cause to know!" His attempt to carry off matters with a high hand was rather pitiful; his voice was high-pitched; an occasional sobbing catch in his breath made his sentences incoherent.

The short run from Grosvenor-road lengthened into minutes, as the train was kept waiting outside Victoria; at last they steamed slowly into the terminus, and for the first time Janet found her voice.

"Where are you going to take my husband?" she asked. "She scarcely recognised her own voice."

"Marlborough-street Police Court, madam," said the taller man civilly.

"May I go with him to—to learn the worst?"

"Yes, madam."

The train stopped. Even in her state of stupefaction Janet saw with a sudden sense of relief that a train had entered by one of the centre platforms, by the side of which was drawn up a row of cabs; they would go in a cab, she supposed. They would only have to walk a few yards—her husband would at any rate be spared the ordeal of walking through the length of the station, followed by a gaping crowd. Janet was true woman enough to think nothing of her own feelings at that moment, but only of his.

"You had better get out first, ma'am, and go to the cab," said the detective in charge to Janet, after speaking to the guard who came to the door. He added a few words to the official in a low voice about the prisoner's luggage—that would have to be searched by the police.

The vehicle rattled along the familiar street towards Hyde Park Corner. Janet found her thoughts going back to the time little more than two months ago when she had driven through the streets from a London terminus for the first time, and the wonder and the newness of it had been a sheer joy to her. Would she ever feel happy again?

They drove along in silence. Once, as she met his eyes, she tried to force a smile; but his face frightened her; she dared not look at him; she had to turn her eyes away. Piccadilly was crowded. People laughed and talked gaily as they passed. On one of the islands in the roadway a pretty girl was waiting to cross; a boy of twenty-one—a boy with a nice face—was with her; they looked so radiant that Janet felt sure that they must be sweethearts. She had looked as happy as that once—no so many weeks ago.

Were they in Bond-street now? Surely this was the street through which she and Herbert had driven to the shop on the first afternoon she had met him in London. Would they pass it, Janet wondered, and would her husband think of that afternoon? No, they were turning off to the right; they would not pass it; somehow she felt rather glad. Janet was wondering how much longer she would be in the ordeal of the drive would continue when the cab stopped. Opposite was the door of the police court.

A sudden deadly nausea seized her; for an instant she thought she was going to faint again. Her husband's evident terror affected her. She could see that he was trembling from head to foot; his lips moved, but no sound came. Determinedly she pulled herself together, and then she touched his hand gently.

"Herbert," she whispered, "I believe implicitly in your innocence."

Did he hear? He did not answer; he gave no sign.

She stepped down on to the pavement. Herbert Daventry could not walk steadily; as he was led through the forbidding doors, Janet followed. He was taken into the charge office—a small room across which a beat-high partition ran. Blind at a desk sat the inspector who took the charges. Daventry was put into the raised dock in the middle of the room, the swinging bar was dropped into its place, and closed him in. Janet sank upon a bench.

The inspector took the deposition of the officer who had arrested him; a police clerk entered the charge. Information had been received at Scotland Yard that in Brighton the prisoner Herbert Daventry had been identified as the man Mortimer, for whose arrest a warrant had been issued for frauds in connection with a bogus theatrical agency. The case was watched in Brighton; whilst inquiries were made, and arrested on his return to London. Daventry listened to the charge in a state of nervous excitement; he clasped and unclasped his hands, he shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. His mouth seemed so dry that he could scarcely utter a syllable. When the inspector turned and suddenly addressed him he started visibly.

"Your name is Herbert Daventry, and your profession is that of actor?"

"Yes, your name is in the dock could not control his voice sufficiently to answer; then, with a deep suspiration of breath, he answered: "Yes, but that I was ever known as Mortimer I deny," he cried, excitedly, "and I'll have the matter raised in Parliament! Someone shall suffer for this!"

No notice was paid to the prisoner's harangue. "Then—the charge won't be heard against him to-day?" Janet whispered, faintly, to a constable near.

No, this is only a formality; he'll be brought before the magistrate to-morrow," was the reply.

Janet's heart sank. The inspector nodded to a warder. Her husband was led out of the dock and through a door at the back of the office, Janet's agonised eyes watching him. She started to her feet.

"Herbert!" she cried, wildly; he did not turn round. The doorway swallowed him up.

A minute later there was a loud reverberating clang, which told her that the door of the cell was closed on him.

A cry of horror broke from her lips; her eyes closed, and she swayed; the constable to whom she had spoken a moment ago caught the slender girlish figure as she fell.

### CHAPTER XII. A Strange Awakening.

Janet awoke the next morning from a broken, unrefreshing sleep in a room that puzzled her by its absolute strangeness.

Where was she? The remembrances of her husband's arrest and the drive to Marlborough-street Police Court alone stood out clear-cut and vivid; everything else in her mind was a series of blurred impressions, and only gradually could her dulled brain piece together what had happened after that awful clang that told her of her husband's incarceration.

Janet had been too dazed and numbed to form plans where she was going for the night; but she realised the uselessness of waiting. She rose to go. The little knot of men had been speaking in whispers, glancing in her direction as though it was of her they spoke; one of them, a middle-aged man with a sergeant's stripes on his sleeve, went across to her, saying:

"I'm just going off duty, ma'am; all this naturally has been very upsetting for you. If you'll permit me, I can take you to a clean, respectable place where you can go and stop for the night."

"You are very kind, but I could not think of troubling you," Janet said. She was grateful for the kindness of the offer, yet it seemed almost like disloyalty to her husband to accept this service from the men who had caused his arrest.

"It's no trouble, not a bit, ma'am; and, forgive my saying so, you're in no condition to go hunting for a night's lodging just now, especially as you say you've no friends in London," he insisted. And Janet, utterly exhausted, made no further demur.

He had called a four-wheeler, telling the cabman to drive to Craven-street, Strand. She lay back in the cab with a sudden sense of thankfulness. As he had said, she was not in a fit state to go hunting for a room; she felt too weak and worn out.

She broke the silence once to ask about her luggage; she had only just remembered it.

"It will be waiting still in Victoria Station," she cried.

"It shall be sent to your rooms, madam," he said. He did not add that the police were looking after and thoroughly ransacking it for letters and documents.

As she lay in bed next morning the remembrance gradually came back to Janet of the good-natured sergeant taking her to a house in Craven-street, and leaving her in the care of a motherly old body, who had called her "dearie," and had repeatedly told her not to "worry" him, and he was kind of the sergeant. She realised that she might have had difficulty in finding a room. Her luggage had been sent. She wondered why her husband's had not been sent, too.

She lay in bed looking at the hideous pattern of the wallpaper, wondering what the day would bring forth. If Herbert were innocent—and, of course, he was innocent—surely the magistrate would release him to-day; they could not be so cruel as to keep him in prison.

In her pity a new tenderness seemed to have been born. She was a woman, and he, her husband, was in trouble. She had forgotten the doubts, the disillusionment that had been in her mind as she looked back at those three weeks and the journey from Brighton. He was her husband, she only remembered that he was in trouble. Once it had blown over, as it surely must, since he could not be other than innocent, how tender and gentle she would be. He would look to her for sympathy; she would show him that her faith had never wavered, that she had known he could not be other than innocent.

There was a tap at the door.

"Come in."

The landlady entered; she was a plump, rosy-faced woman, who beamed on Janet, as she appeared with a little tray of tea and toast.

"I hope you've slept well, my dear. I thought as how you might want to be early this morning, or I wouldn't have disturbed you, and here's a letter."

"A letter!" It must be from her husband! "A letter!" handing it to her; yes, it was addressed in Daventry's handwriting. "I've just brought you up some tea and a bit of toast, and you can have breakfast when you like downstairs."

"Thank you, I shall not want anything more than this," said Janet, impatient to be alone. Eagerly Janet tore open the letter.

"My dearest Janet—The scoundrels who have subjected me to the ignominy of arrest have not (to my surprise) been so utterly callous as to refuse to allow me to communicate with you. I am writing these lines in prison. I need not assert to you my utter innocence of this charge—such acts as I have charged with would be wholly foreign and repugnant to my nature—but I may have difficulty in disproving it; the police, having gone so far as to arrest me, may possibly permit a gross miscarriage of justice rather than be proved to have been in fault. I appear before the magistrate to-morrow morning. You must come to the court early, without fail—much depends on you—"

HERBERT DAVENTRY.

"Much depends on you," repeated Janet, puzzled; "what can he mean?"

Of course she would go. But what could she do that would help? What could she do to help her husband? What could she do to help her husband? What could she do to help her husband?

To be continued to-morrow.

**"Antexema" Skin Cure**

Do not miss the Antexema Company, London, N.W., a stamped envelope naming "Daily Illustrated Mirror" for a Free Trial Sample of "Antexema," the Standard Skin Remedy, also a full and complete treatise on "Skin Troubles," and 20 testimonials, all sent in plain wrapper. "Antexema" is the most wonderful skin cure ever discovered. It cures all skin troubles, such as Eczema, scabs, spots, dandruff, irritation, burning, itching, and all skin ailments without the use of medicine, or surgery, or poisons, or port free 1/6. Established 20 years.



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